

# Answer

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I live and minister here as a pastor. It is not safe . Gun shots are heard at night. You can see people with there faces smashed. Drug dealers at the corners. Mayor Jim Kenney is possibly one of the worse mayor in the Philadelphia history and does nothing to stop it. Probably for personal gain. In front of my house last year there was 15 gun shots . And two people died in more than one occasion. I seen the drug dealers even set a man on fire last year with fireworks. Cops cannot do much for Jimmy have taken any Authority they have . I forgotten to say I had to invite the drug dealers inside my house to see my wife dieing of cancer so they could stop selling drugs in front of my house beginning of this year . Because the cops couldn't do nothing due to our dear mayor taking the cops authority to frisk away as they should. It is sad that many of these people down in Kensington who are addicts can't go to a rehab because if they are not from Pennsylvania they are rejected by the rehabs do to the mayor. The majority of those in Kensington who are on drugs are not from Philadelphia but from other states. Yesterday Tuesday December 21st 2021 me and a couple churches got kicked out from McPherson Park when we was feeding the addicts . We went to Kensington Allegheny and we was told we only had 10 minutes to feed them. We stood an hour and a half praise the Lord. One of the addicts told me that if he stood on drugs he could get housing faster than him not being on drugs because of the application he had to sign in the shelter.

The following is a Poem I wrote which words came to me as walked Kensington.

As I walk through the streets of Kensington where I live, I saw a young lady in her teens holding in Her arms a teddy bear and crying for her life which is fading away due to a drug which she could not see herself depart from. If one would look at her arms one would see the marks of a needle just recently poked. And if one would look at her face one would ask where the

days of her youth has gone? And if one would go further and stare in her eyes for a minute , one would see a soul moments before it departs. As I continue in my walk one would see a other person who has a diploma but was given to a moment of pleasure, which did not know what it would bring . Loosing all because of that moment of Sin. Sin never shows itself for what it is , if it did few would travel on that road. But being blinded by this world and a fallen nature which it brings we many times fall into a ditch. These people in Kensington could be our Fathers , Mother's , aunts , uncles, sons or daughters . Who blindly took hold of a venomous snake thinking it was just a string.

The following happened after my wife passed away I wrote about it in a book that I put in public domain named Inspirational Christian Short Stories this is fuller version of what happened.

### Searching and Find

Three weeks following my wife's death, I took a volunteer job as a community chaplain in Kensington — the worse part of Philadelphia, PA. On the job, I prayed for addicts and spoke to them a little about Jesus. I also fed them and waited for the AR2 unit to take them to detox.

One day, a mother came to me. She had travelled from Pittsburgh, which is about four and half hours from Philadelphia, and she carried with her a photograph of her son who was missing. He was around nineteen or perhaps twenty years old, and she said that he'd been missing for a month and had last been seen in the Kensington area. I told her that I would help and go out looking for him after work, which I did.

A couple of nights previously, a body had been found outside a nearby pharmacy parking lot, cut into pieces. The night before that, a woman had been strangled to death in the same area. I was keen to finding the missing man before anything bad happened to him, so, feeling like a detective, I searched for him during my lunch breaks too. I asked known addicts and dealers if they'd seen him; none had.

The first place I went was McPherson Park which the drug addicts call it needle Park but us pastors calls it Prayer Park. The Mayor of Philadelphia does not care for the Kensington part of Philadelphia. A couple of women

said he looked cute. Someone did say that he might have been at AA, so I went there, but no one had seen him. I spoke to poor souls with the needle in the vein and others who said they'd tie him up if they found him and then let me know. Someone else said they thought they'd seen him, but his face was torn up, and he had red marks across his body like he was in bad shape.

I couldn't give up, but I was tired and needed a rest. I called his mother, and I told her I was going to take an hour's break or two.

It was the time of Covid, but in Kensington, nobody, including me, really wore a mask. So as I went home and was about to open the door, I saw a guy walking in front of my house.

I decided to take a chance and show him the photograph, although I felt it was a long shot. I was probably wasting my time. But the guy also looked busted up with marks on his arms, so I thought he might be an addict and just might have seen our missing man. So I said, "Hey buddy, have you seen this guy?" "He said, 'that's me.'" So I called his mother, and she was so happy, she fell into tears. If I only knew the Lord was going to bring him in front of my house, I would not have walked for about three or four hours looking for him. But the Lord has his ways that are far beyond our understanding.

After this event I caught Covid and was sick for 10 days, getting a fever of 104 to 105 the first day but it was worth it. After my recovery I went looking for a other missing person this time hitting the streets at 5 am, interviewing many addicts but couldn't find the missing man.